

✓ Vol. III No. 3

# The Black and Gold

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**Winston City High School**

**MARCH, 1913**

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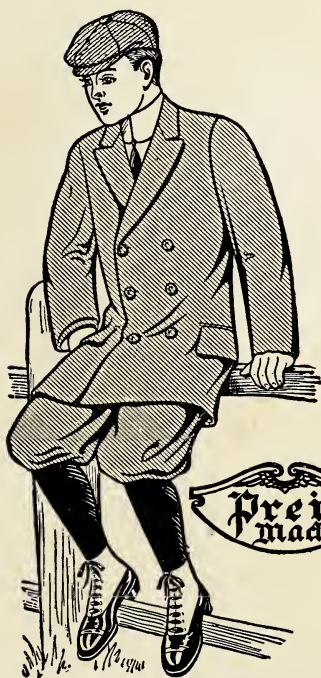
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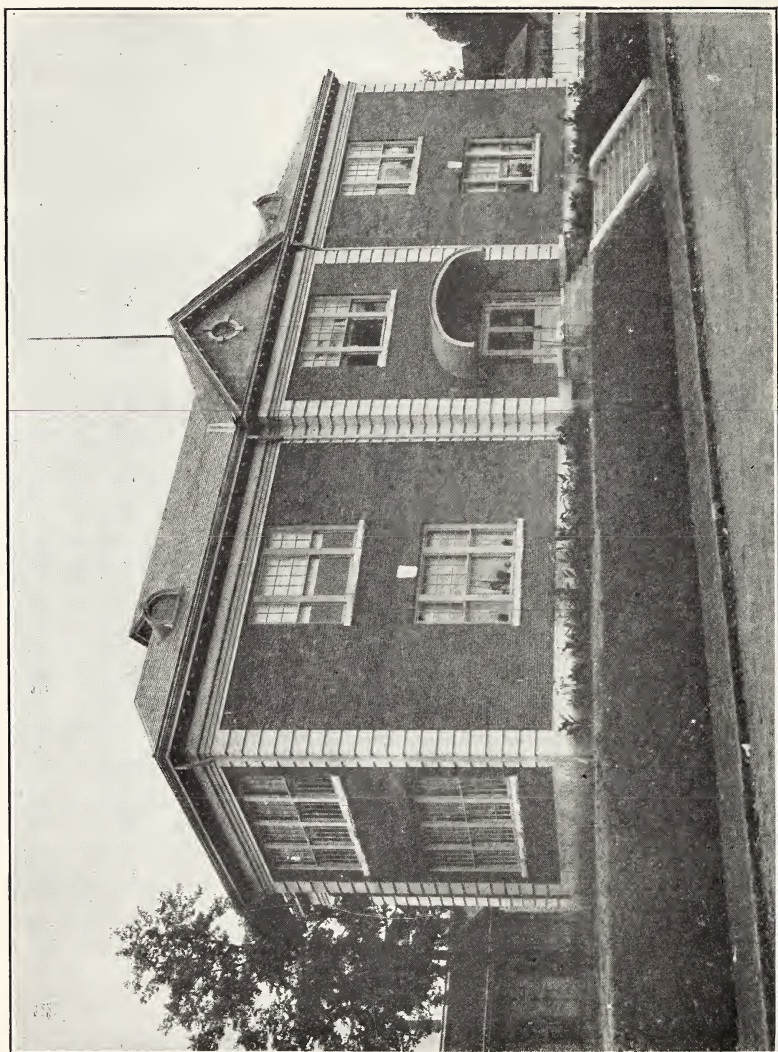
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WEST END PRIMARY SCHOOL. 1911.

# The Black and Gold

*Published four times during each School Year by the  
Students of the Winston City High School*

VOL. III.

MARCH 1913

No. 3

## Verses

I remember, I remember  
The cottage on the hill,  
The wild birds in the meadow,  
The old deserted mill.  
The swallows and the robins  
That built their nests so high,  
The tall trees in the forest,  
The clear and azure sky.

I remember, I remember  
Where the red strawberries grew,  
Where the fresh grapes hung thickest  
Under the sky so blue.  
The roses and the lilacs,  
The violets in the woods,  
The brown and yellow sumacks  
That in our garden stood.

—Clifton Eaton, '15

## Tom Jordan's Experience

(By Tom Himself.)



YES, I CAN LAUGH about it now, but I tell you when it occurred it was no laughing matter. "I was a mere boy just pass seventeen, if my memory serves me right. I had just graduated from the High School, and, having in mind to enter college in the fall, I thought it would be just the thing to make a little money during vacation, and so contracted with a crayon picture concern to canvass certain counties in south-west Virginia.

"On a hot day in June, after a long and tiresome journey, I found myself at Hillsville, the county seat of Carroll county. The first man I saw, as I drove up to the hotel, had a rifle on his shoulder and a suspicious looking bottle protruding from his hip pocket. As he caught sight of me, he called out, 'Hey thar, stranger, what d'ye want here about?' I paid no attention to the mountaineer, but hurried into the hotel. Supper was just ready and, being very hungry, I ate heartily of fried chicken and corn bread, finishing up with some of that sour wood honey for which the mountains of Virginia are famous.

"After supper I seated myself on the front porch some distance away from a group of men, one of whom I recognized to be the rough-looking customer who accosted me upon my arrival. As soon as they caught sight of me, they began talking in an undertone. This made me a little uncomfortable. I lit a cigar, and looking in another direction, I pretended to take no notice of the men, while in reality I strained my ears to catch their conversation. I caught only three words, however, and these were: 'Spy,' 'Revenue,' and 'kill.' That night you may be sure I didn't

lose much time in sleep and oh, how I did wish I were safely in the Old North State.

“The next morning while in conversation with the proprietor of the hotel, I learned that the revenue officers had made a big whiskey raid in that county only a few days before and that the blockaders had sworn vengeance and were going about heavily armed.

“I confess I was in no joyous frame of mind at hearing these words; so thinking I would complete my work in that part of the county as soon as possible, I arose and went up to my room, which was a dingy little affair overlooking the street, and put a pistol in my pocket. While up there I thought as I wished to hurry my work I might as well see a few people as soon as possible. So as soon as I got my things unpacked, though it was already night, I started out to see a few, anyway. I did not know those mountain people or their habits, or I never would have committed so great a blunder as going about a small country town at night, where every stranger is looked upon with a mingled feeling of fear and suspicion.

“At any rate, I set out with my sample case in one hand and my other resting comfortably on the friendly pistol in my coat pocket. To my great surprise the inhabitants of the first house seemed nervous and ill at ease during my whole stay, and as I walked away, I knew that the whole family was staring at me. I found it the same way everywhere I went, and, finally, in disgust, I returned to the hotel. No one seemed to have a desire to buy, only to stare at me in silence, or else walk quickly away.

“When I entered the hotel all the loungers immediately hushed; and their clammy silence continued until, taking my lamp and climbing the rickety stairs, I went up to my room. I could not help but wonder why my presence should create so much excitement, and after thinking the situation over, decided to return to civilization the first thing in the

morning. So placing my revolver on a chair close beside the bed, I blew out the light and jumped into the big feather bed.

“For hours I lay awake buried in thought, trying to find some reason for the excitement I was causing. Finally, overcome by weariness, I fell asleep. It must have been near morning when I was suddenly awakened. At first I did not have any idea what had waked me, but in a second, a blood-curling shriek reached my ears.

“‘It is some animal,’ I tried to persuade myself. But when the terrible noise was repeated I had no choice but to acknowledge that it must have come from a human throat. I quickly rose from my bed and dressed hurriedly. But I was not in too great a hurry to stop and put my revolver in my pocket. Thus armed, I slipped quietly down from my room and out of the hotel.

“The shrieks had apparently come from a clump of trees about two hundred yards from the hotel, on that side on which my room was situated. So I crept cautiously around under my window and then started for the clump of trees. The night was fearfully dark and I was forced to use great caution to keep from stumbling over the sticks and stones and from making a noise.

“I had gotten about half way to the place where I had heard the cries when, chancing to look around I saw a light gleaming in my room. I stood undecided whether to push on and investigate the cries or to return and see who was in my room. I had turned around to return to my room when the cry which I had heard was repeated. This decided me; and, whirling around, I dashed toward the source of the cries.

“On reaching the clump of trees, as I cautiously parted the thick under brush, I saw for an instant the glare of two great eyes peering at me through the darkness. Drawing my revolver, I stepped back, ready to protect myself, only

to hear the tread of a fleeing animal as it crashed through the bushes. Realizing that my overwrought nerves had only magnified the cries of a mountain cat, which by chance had strayed into the settlement, I turned to retrace my steps. Instantly my thoughts returned to the light in my room, and as I stared at the open window, there flashed through my mind the words, 'spy', 'revenue,' 'kill.' You can imagine my horror as I saw in the lighted room, three masked men moving back and forth, as if searching for some signs of the occupant. Quickly the dangers of my situation dawned upon me, was it the despised revenue officer?

"Suddenly, I heard a man call out from in front of the hotel to some men in the hall, asking if they had the d——rascal, meaning me. My hair having suddenly grown stiff as pig iron, stood straight up on my head at this, for I knew the feeling of these mountaineers toward a revenue officer was anything but friendly.

" 'Just leave the rope up thar. Maybe he aint gone to bed yet. Thar might be a chance of hangin' the varmit yet,' I heard a husky voice from the crowd say.

"Just then a twig cracked behind me. I looked quickly, and there, not more than three yards from me, stood a great strapping mountaineer, a look of cunning on his face, one arm partially raised as if he were just reaching out for something.

"I confess I was scared. My teeth chattered as I stammered, 'Wha-ta-at do you want?'

"He answered not a word. I turned and started for my room, but no sooner had I turned my back, than he sprang toward me. Turning quickly, I pulled my revolver out of my pocket. As I did so, something hit me on the head and I fell to the ground.

"The next thing I knew I was under a great oak tree, and some one was sprinkling water on my face. 'He's coming to all right,' I heard someone say.

“‘Yes, I am coming to all right,’ I cried, for by this time my anger was thoroughly aroused. ‘What do you mean by knocking me down like this, you brutes? Can’t a decent man come into these mountains, but what you take him for—I don’t know what? I’ll have the last one of you indicted.’

“‘Now, honey-love, cut out your foolishness and be a good boy and maybe it won’t go so hard with you,’ an old rascal replied. ‘Jim Allen has gone to search your room,’ he continued coolly. ‘An if he finds any revenue paper thar’ we’re going to put the rope to your neck, sonny. Do you understand?’

“I was horrified. Suppose a revenue officer had occupied the room before? Suppose papers were found—The cold chills began to run down my spine.

“‘Here they be!’ cried Jim running out of the house at this instance. ‘Get the rope ready!’ and he waved some yellow papers over his head.

“‘I think it is an outrage!’ cried I, the perspiration gathering on my forehead in little beads. ‘Let me see the papers.’ Without a word he held the papers so I could see them.

“‘Here!’ I cried as I spied the name John Sherman.

“‘Here is proof of my innocence.’ I am not John Sherman.’

“‘What’s that? What’s that? Name ain’t John Sherman? Tut, tut, sonny, ye won’t pull nothin’ like that on us,’ cried Jess, the leader of the mountaineers.

“‘Bring him over this way, boys,’ and he pointed toward the rope.

“Thoughts of my entire life came surging through my brain. If I could just tell mother and father good-by! Would they ever hear about it? Would these people secretly bury me and tell no one? I had read of such occurrences.

“ ‘I tell you I am not Sherman,’ I cried, making a last desperate struggle to get loose. ‘I’m Tom Jordan, of Laurinburg. I—’

“ ‘Shut up, sonny,’ interrupted old Jess, ‘You’ve talked enough for one summer day—git your rope ready boys.’

“ ‘Wait a minute, Jess.’ The hotel keeper had come up unnoticed. ‘What’s the name on those papers? John Sherman? Why that’s the name of the fellow that occupies that room—but he’s out of town now.’

“ ‘What’s that? What’s that?’ said old Jess, who had the habit of repeating what he said.

“ ‘What did you say your name was, sonny,’ asked the hotel keeper, paying no attention to John.

“ ‘Tom Jordan, sir,’ I meekly replied.

“ ‘Not old Jack Jordan’s son?’ he questioned eagerly.

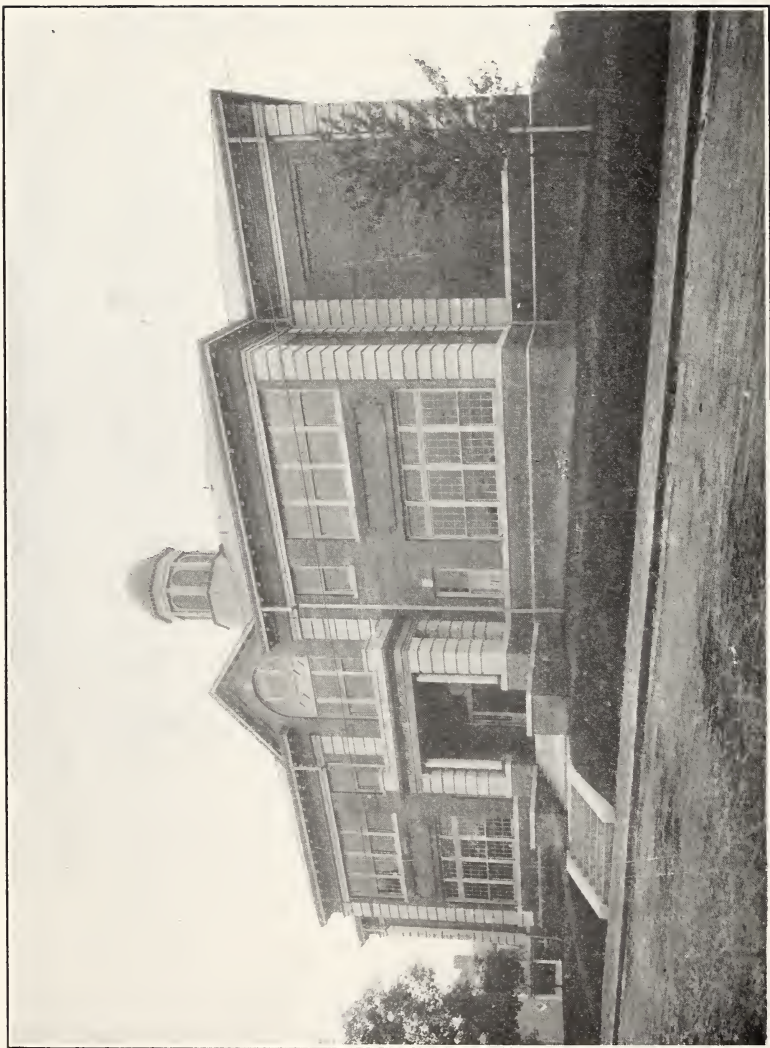
“ ‘I nodded.

“ ‘You jest as well pull that rope down from thar, John, cause this lad is as innocent as a lamb. How’s your people, Tom?’

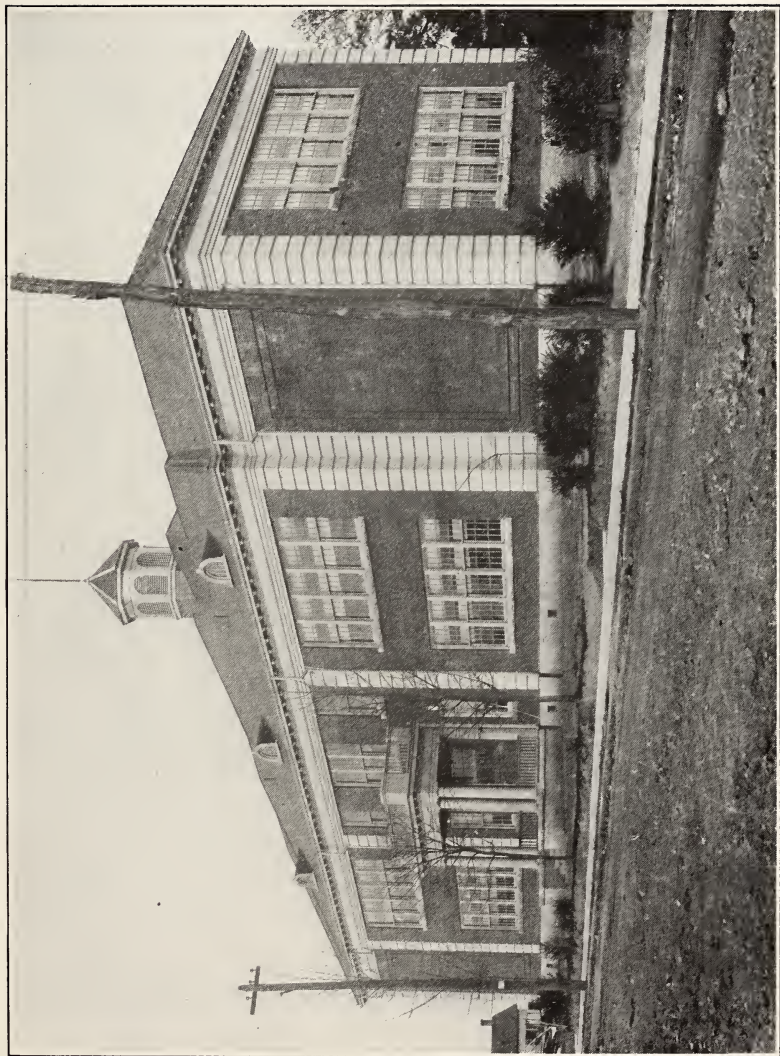
“ ‘Well I’ll swar,’ I heard John say, and the next moment I was lying in a dead faint at the foot of the oak tree.”

—Boys of '13.





NORTH WINSTON GRADE SCHOOL. 1912.



EAST WINSTON GRADE SCHOOL, 1911.

## The Galley Slave



T WAS A STORMY AFTERNOON when the galley *Aurora* sailed to sea. This great ship, propelled by forty galley slaves, came bounding over the great and angry waves into the fiercest of the storm. The wind blew and dashed the waves against the ship. The captain saw danger and ordered the sails to be let down. At once four stalwart slaves climbed the mast and drew in the sails. As they came down, one lost his hold and was caught head down in the mast. With breathless excitement the others watched as he hung there just at the brink of destruction. "To the rescue," shouted the captain, but for once his orders were unheeded, not one would attempt the rescue.

Just at this moment, when all hopes were gone, a young slave of handsome, but sturdy appearance, called to the captain and told him to unfasten his chain for he would attempt to rescue the slave. He climbed the mast and after great difficulty reached the slave. But the wind blew so violently that he was afraid to turn loose long enough to release him. However, he could see that if he dropped straight down that in passing he could catch the cord which held the dying man and allow him to fall on deck, where he would be caught by the men below. But this would mean his own death, for he would fall on the stern of the boat and there was little chance of his hitting feet first. "One of us must die!" cried he, "but it shall not be you!" and with that he jumped.

Two days later the sailors gathered round the body of an heroic gally slave and watched it sink down into the great, fathomless ocean. Then all was silence, except the weeping of the slave for whom he had given his life.

—Edwin Stewart, '15.

## Discovering the Aquas



ONE DAY when I was camping about Lake Victoria I left my party and started out alone on an exploration trip. I meant to be gone only two days but when I got back to camp "ten suns had set" since my departure. The country was a wild expanse of marsh which no white man had yet crossed. I had heard strange reports of this country, and I wanted to go and see for myself.

After wandering about the marsh for three days I got lost. I knew the best thing to do was to keep on moving. I cannot relate the many hardships I encountered, but about the worst thing was the mosquitoes. One day they bit me so badly I could hardly walk.

After I had wandered on for many days, I saw the most pleasant sight that ever met the eyes of a lost traveler. Right in the very midst of the marshes was a fertile plot of land, covered with green grass, and dotted here and there with lofty palm trees. Far in the distance I could see a small lake, sparkling in the sun like a large mirror, towards which I began to travel.

When at last I reached this lake I was so tired that I lay down on the cool grass and went to sleep. I do not know how long I slept, but it must have been several hours. I woke up with a start like some one who has had a bad dream. Somehow I felt like someone being watched. I tried to dismiss this from my mind by telling myself that this country was not inhabited; but that queer feeling could not be shaken off. I peered into the forest and over the lake, but I could see no one. At last as I was looking over the lake I saw, squatting in a row on the banks, eight or ten tiny little brown men. As I started toward them, one of the little men with a wild cry, jumped into the water,

and the others followed. They stayed under the water about ten minutes and then I saw little heads bobbing up from every portion of the lake. They began swimming around in the water, staring and blinking at me as if they had never seen anyone before. I watched them for a long time, but every time I walked toward them they would all dive under the water. Finally one of them who appeared to be the leader, came up on the bank, mumbling and making signs. He was the smallest pygmy I have ever seen. He seemed to be about a foot tall and was completely naked, with no hair at all upon his head. As soon as he saw me making toward him, he jumped into the water and began swimming around with the rest.

A few days later I was found by a party of my friends, who had become alarmed because I did not return, and had set out to find me. I left the little pygmies, diving and swimming around, knowing that I had found a new tribe of people. I do not know what they called themselves, but I have named them the "Aguas," or "Water Boys."

—Clifton Eaton, '15.



## The Drummer Boy



T WAS during the reign of the great Napoleon, and he, having exhausted his supply of men was in hard straits. All his old faithfuls had been killed, the coffers of the nation were empty, the whole land was in ruin. Desperate, he had gathered up all the classes of France, cobblers, farmhands, preachers, and scholars into a ragged army. This was divided into bands and in the particular band which interests us, was a little flag-bearer whose father had been killed in a previous fight of Napoleon's.

The ragged little army was in a mountainous country full of enemies, and one day when they were marching along, a company of fierce Prussians appeared suddenly from behind a hillock and opened a terrible fire on the conscripts. The Prussians, hardened by warfare, seemed to be having an easy time with the inexperienced rabble of Napoleon's army, and in a short time they had scattered them, terrified and bleeding in every direction.

During all this confusion the little flag-bearer stood bravely at his post until a stray shell whizzing overhead cut the flagstaff half in two, and then, he too, began running with the others. Fleeing over the crest of a little hill farther up the valley, he came upon Napoleon and some of his aides. Napoleon was furious.

"Call these cowards together!" he raged to an officer, "We have them out numbered. If we can only stop this panic, we may yet win the fight."

"Your Majesty, we have used all available means to check them. If they could once be made to muster about the drum, we would be saved; but already three drummers have been shot and the enemy continues to shoot down anyone who picks up a drum."

Then Napoleon caught sight of the boy running past, and calling to him, he said: "Here, boy, do you wish to save your country?"

The boy stopped, and proud at having the great Emperor himself speak to him, replied: "I would do anything for you, your majesty."

Napoleon's heart seemed touched at this show of devotion, and for a moment he hesitated. "But some one must do it," he murmured as to himself. Then aloud he said, "Well, grab up a drum and beat a rally, quick. Can you beat a rally, boy?"

"Yes, sire!" replied the flag-bearer.

Then running over to a pile of mangled and bleeding bodies, he cut the drumstraps from the last drummer's shoulders. He adjusted the drum, and grasping the sticks, firmly, began to beat the rally.

As the dull booming roar of that well-known call rolled down the hill and over across the valley, the terrified conscripts stopped a moment, and then with a wild yell, rushed back up the hill and gathered about Napoleon.

Napoleon himself led the wild charge that followed, and when the Prussians had all been dispersed and the ragged army panted, breathless about him, he called the boy to him.

Then in the presence of his men and officers, he took a medal from his own breast and pinned it on the boy, saying simply, "To the one who saved his country."

—Wilson Dalton, '13.



## A Mysterious Noise



ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, when I was staying in the little village of Arce, up in West Virginia, a great commotion broke out among the people around the village store. I left my seat on the porch of the inn and sauntered down the street toward the men who were all talking excitedly.

“What’s the row?” I asked of one fellow, who was standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

“Haven’t you heard?” he replied. “Sam Young and Joe Goode went over to that old house standing on the hill, to make some repairs, and while they were at work, suddenly scream after scream rang through the house. It has long been thought the house is haunted, because several years ago a young woman was murdered by some thieves, who were taking the family plate when she discovered them.”

Not believing in ghosts, I volunteered to go that night and find the cause of the noise, the men agreeing to go with me to the fence in front of the house. And so about nine o’clock I took my electric lantern and set out for the haunted house.

On reaching the place I left my companions out at the gate, and went boldly into the house. It was a great, rambling old house and had not been occupied since the murder. I rambled along through the house and finally not finding anything, I was about to go back out, when suddenly the air was rent by piercing screams. The hair under my cap began to bristle, and although I had boasted that I was not afraid of ghosts, I confess that when I heard those screams, one after another coming as it seemed from all directions at once, I was almost scared out of my wits.

I managed, however, to sum up courage enough to start

on another tour of the house. The air was still vibrating with the screams and I was tipping cautiously along, ready to take to my heels at any moment, when suddenly a slight noise caused me to glance up. There, sitting on an open transom of the door leading into the back hall, his body swaying to and fro, was the ghost.

I turned the light of my lantern full in his eyes, and stepping quietly over to where he was sitting, I reached up and grabbed him. He screamed one blood-curdling scream after another; but with steady nerves I carried him out in triumph to the men, who immediately recognized him, by a small gold ring around his leg, as the parrot belonging to the young woman who had been murdered.

—Curtis Vogler, '15.

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A school boy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied:

“If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward, and the downward ones light.”—Exchange.

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“My brodders,” said a waggish colored man to a crowd, “in all inflictions, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find symathy.”

“Whar? Whar?” shouted several.

“In de dictionary,” he replied.

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An old Irishman was relating to a group of attentive listeners how he had gotten shot through the breast in the war. When he had finished, one old man with just one leg spoke up and said:

“Say, Bill! if you got shot there, how come that there bullet to miss yer heart?”

“Aw! stupid! me heart was in me mouth, then.”—Exchange.

## "The Winner"



THREE WEEKS from today there will be a prize declamation given by the society and a prize of ten dollars awarded for the best original declamation. No one is allowed to receive any help on this, and the speech must be written by the one who delivers it," so read William Jones, secretary of the Webster Literary Society, of the Williamsport High School.

Charles smiled when he heard this, for he was one of those ambitious fellows who strive to be first in everything, and determined to win that prize by fair means or foul. "For," he said to himself, "I have been a member of the society for four years, and naturally have a much better chance than others who have joined more recently. However, I'll have to work hard," he continued, thoughtfully, "for Henry Lawrence of the Ninth Grade A is fine on declaiming."

That night Charles could not study; he could only think of winning the prize. Finally, after vainly trying, for several hours, to write a declamation, he went to bed; but it was only to toss and worry. At last, however, he thought of a plan by which to win the prize.

The next morning, in accordance with his plan, he got up early, and a good while before school he went around to the house of Arthur Hambly, who was one of the best writers in school. Now, Arthur was the treasurer of the Literary Society, and a few days before this he had used five dollars of the society's money, intending to replace it before anyone found it out. In some way Charles, who was one of those boys who are always bothering about somebody else's business, had discovered this.

"Are you going to try for the prize?" Charles asked Arthur, as they were walking to school.

"I don't think so," replied Arthur. "I can write a declamation all right, but when it comes to speaking, I'm out. You are going to try, aren't you?"

"I suppose so," returned Arthur. "But I can't think of a good subject."

"You'll think of one, all right, before the time comes," said Arthur, who was an optimist.

"I don't think so," said Charles, who was getting things in about the condition he wanted them. "By the way," he continued, as if the thought had just come to him. "How would you like to make some money, say four or five dollars?"

"How?" asked Arthur eagerly, thinking that he could now replace the society money.

"By writing me a good declamation," said Charles, coming suddenly to the point, not thinking it possible for Arthur to refuse.

"You know that the rule was that no aid should be gotten," replied Arthur, surprised at the baseness of Charles, who he knew was a sneak, but not low-down enough to stoop to such a thing as that.

"Yes, but who would know about it?" said Charles.

"You would know, and I would know," returned Arthur, "and I'll tell you right now, I won't do it."

"Yes you will, too," said Charles, with a sneer. "How about that five dollars of the society money that you took?"

Arthur was completely taken back.

"What do you know about it?" he stammered.

"I know that you took it and if you don't write my declamation for me, I'll see that it becomes known in the society," returned Charles, quickly.

"Hello!" cried a jolly voice, and just then Frank Davis,

the President of the Society joined the boys. "What were you talking about? I've been trying to get your attention for five minutes."

Both the boys flushed.

"Some important business," said Arthur, trying to speak in his usual way.

"Strictly private," repeated Charles, giving Arthur a significant look.

Just then the last bell began to ring and the boys had to make a dash for the school to avoid getting tardy marks.

"I want to see you at recess, Arthur," whispered Frank as the boys entered the school room. "Society business."

Did Frank know, too, about the money? The thought struck terror to Arthur's heart. Frank was such an upright, manly sort of boy that even the thought of his knowing hurt.

It was a hard battle Arthur fought that morning. When recess came he was still undecided.

Charles sought him eagerly before he could get to Frank.

"Say, old fellow," he had changed his tactics, "I know you are in a tight place, and I want to help you out. It's a five and a two. Will you do it?"

"If you do something wrong, do not do something worse to hide it. Remember the words, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'"

Suddenly these words flashed upon his mind. He had heard them in Chapel that morning.

"No, I won't do it," he said firmly. "I'm going to 'fess up about the money, too. The fellows can turn me out if they want to. I deserve it."

But they didn't turn him out. When, after talking it over with Frank Davis, he rose at the next society meeting and in a manly way told of his mistake, no one was in favor of turning him out except Charles Meredith.

Not only was he not turned out, but he was even permitted to retain his office and return the money when he got it.

Charles Meredith must have gotten some help on his declamation or someone to write it for him, for when the contest came off he had an excellent speech and many of the audience thought he would get the prize. However, in the minds of the judges Frank Davis had a better one for he got one more vote than Charles.

—A. J. Fox, '14.

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## Aeneas

When Vergil wrote the Aenead  
He did not ever dream  
That teachers and scholars everywhere  
Would hold it in such esteem.

He wrote it for those old Romans,  
The descendants of Aeneas the blest,  
Just to make them better patriots  
And not our school-life a pest.

What care we for lays of old battles?  
Of old myths and legends in rhyme?  
We'd much rather read of Americans,  
And events taking place in our time.

Then why! Oh why! dear teachers  
Do you bother us with such a thing?  
For Virgil causes more trouble  
Than Math. or English e'er bring.

—William Wright, Jr

## Why Hogan Quit



BEFORE HE LEFT the United States, Corporal Hogan was as honest, sober and upright a man as one would wish to see; so honest and truthful, indeed, that the other members of his troop called him "preacher"—behind his back. To his face, however, they were very civil and polite, for Hogan stood six feet two, with a fist like a sledge-hammer, and the temper of a full-blooded Irishman. When his troop was sent to the Philippines, Hogan, like many other fellows, went to the bad. The bottle became his best friend; and when drunk, he was turned into a crazy, raging fiend that did not know what he did. When he sobered, his mind was perfectly blank as to what had happened while he was drunk.

Near the camp of the Americans, there was stationed a troop of Russian allies, and between the two camps, a strong enmity arose. The cause of the enmity was Bob, a big white collie, who, being possessed of the art of friend-making, deserted his owners, the Americans and, coaxed by the Russians, went over to their camp. Several fist-fights took place over him in which the Americans generally came out victorious; still they could not get the dog.

One evening Hogan got drunk, and the last thing he remembered doing, was going out of the saloon, loudly vowing to kill every Russian he saw. He came to his senses near dark the next evening in a thicket about a mile from the camp. He made his way to head-quarters and asked to see the captain.

"May I speak with you?" he asked, when after some delay the captain came out. He looked at Hogan sharply, and frowned.

"I think it is time you were showing up. Where were

you last night and this morning? Drunk, I suppose, as usual."

"Yes," said Hogan, "I was. I remember leaving the saloon, vowing to kill all the Russians I saw. My mind is perfectly blank as to what happened after that until I came to my senses in those woods beyond the creek. From there I came straight here. You know how I am when drunk; crazy if a man ever was. I don't remember a single incident that happened after I left the saloon."

"You don't remember seeing any Russians?"

"No. I certainly hope I didn't, because I was in such a condition that I would have fulfilled my vow, I suspect," said Hogan, repentantly.

"Well, I think you carried it out pretty well, anyhow. Lieutenant Herrowitz was found this morning with a knife in his back and his head completely crushed by someone jumping up and down on it. The marks of heavy boots were plainly visible in the shapeless mass of bloody flesh that was once his face. The murderer is still unknown, but Corporal Hogan is strongly suspected. The Russians searched for him this morning a little while, but failing to find him, concluded that he got on a lumber boat that unexpectedly sailed out sometime last night."

It was a knockdown blow. Hogan staggered, unable to speak for a time.

"I did not—" He stopped suddenly, remembering that he could not truthfully deny it, as he did not know.

The captain smiled grimly. He struck a match and held it close to Hogan's boots. They were red with dried blood.

"Take my advice and leave here as soon as possible," he said, and turned abruptly into his quarters, leaving Hogan to the pleasant company of his thoughts.

He was not coward enough to leave. He lay awake all that night, with the mental picture of the mutilated

face of the Lieutenant before him, and one question running through his mind: Did he or did he not?

Early the next morning he went over to the Russian camp and gave himself up to the officer in charge. It is needless to say that he was dumbfounded to see him.

He was asked a few questions, to all of which he answered, "I don't know." They put him in a little narrow cell and left him alone.

The next evening the door opened and a huge, deformed Chinaman was pushed in. Hogan noticed that the door was left partly open and that several pairs of eyes were peering in. At sight of him the Chinaman started visibly and a greenish pallor overspread his yellow face. The door swung open.

"Corporal Hogan, you are at liberty."

At liberty! He could scarcely believe it. He walked out, still incredulous.

"Why, how is this?" he asked. "Didn't I kill him?"

"No," replied the young Russian officer. "It was this way: The Lieutenant had had some trouble with a Chinese coolie some time ago. Yesterday evening, Bob, who was known to have left with the Lieutenant, came in with two ribs and a leg broken. This led us to investigate the matter further. Between his teeth were found strings of green cloth. Now as you probably have noticed, nearly all the Chinamen, that serve as porters down at the wharf, wear loose green packets. That Chinaman in there, confident that he had turned suspicion from himself, was at work when we went down there to search them. He had a fresh patch over a jagged hole in the shoulder of his green packet. Under this were found the marks of Bob's teeth. We arrested him and brought him here. Now comes the last and final proof of his guilt—one that clears up lots of details.

You noticed that he seemed to recognize you when turned into your cell?"

Hogan, still dazed, nodded.

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Not that I know of," replied Hogan.

"Well, we have figured it out that he must have seen you sometime when you were not aware of it and under circumstances that he did not want to be known—hence his start and expression of fear and surprise when he saw you. Now the shoes you wore back to the camp day before yesterday were covered with blood, and upon trial were found to fit exactly the prints on the Lieutenant's face. You, in a drunken stupor, must have been near when the crime was committed. The Chinaman saw you and, to avert any chance of suspicion that might cling to him, he pulled off your shoes, put them on himself, with them on crushed the Lieutenant's head, taking care that the last pressure was left plain, then put them back on you. Sir, I congratulate you."

"I'll never touch another drop," said Hogan, fervently. And he didn't.

—Frank Cash, '14.



# The Black and Gold

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Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the  
Winston City High School.

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Subscription Price.....Fifty Cents the Year.

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## Editorial

### BOYS' EDITION.

This number of the Black and Gold has been prepared entirely by the boys of the High School. The last issue was gotten up by the girls. We would ask that you compare the two numbers.

---

We are very glad to see that not only the schoolmen of our town and country have expressed themselves as strongly in favor of the "Six Month School Bill," the Com-

pulsory Attendance Bill'' and ''The Child Labor Bill,'' but that also a great number of the citizens of our town have supported these bills. Such a desire for these social reforms speaks well for a town.

---

The High School has many things to be proud of; but there is one thing especially that every person in Winston-Salem ought to know. This is the spirit of truthfulness that prevails. Principal White happened to remark on this in his chapel talk not long ago. He said that during his three years as principal he had never had but one case where a student told a deliberate falsehood and stuck to it. This spirit of truthfulness in the High School is a thing that not only the school should be proud of, but every citizen of this town should feel that such a distinction deserves more credit than the mere grasp of text book facts.

—William Wright.

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The women of the Civic League, which has been recently formed, have certainly started into their work in earnest, for no sooner than organized they have taken up active work. Their first task, which has turned out with great success is the serving of hot soups in one of the city schools. The teachers in the school say that the hot soup helps the children so much that they have been able to get much better work from them in the afternoon session. The good women have also taken up the city's sanitary problems, and it looks by the way they are going at it that they will give old Winston a thorough cleaning. We take off our hats to the ladies.



THE INITIAL STEPS in the organization of a club which promises to be a potent factor in the development of broad-minded, public-spirited citizens were taken recently at the home of Superintendent Latham, of the Winston schools, when the Alpha Club was organized with the following members:

Messrs. Fred Hutchings, William Wright, Wilson Dalton, Benbow Jones, Gregory Graham, A. J. Fox, Foster Hankins, Raymond Dean, Frank Cash, Robert Conrad, Hugh Pollard, Edward Crosland, F. A. Coleman, Jr., Supt. R. H. Latham, and Principal L. Lea White.

The following officers were elected:

President, Fred Hutchings; Vice-President, William Wright; Secretary, Wilson Dalton.

The Club has ideals and aspirations that will necessarily make men of its members. It is argued that only a small per centage of the graduates of the high school attend college and the object is to have a club here in the midst of the public schools which will have for its object the building up of character and public spirit.

The movement promises to be one of the greatest that has yet been started in the schools and one that will be extensively followed.

The Winston High School graduates can now enter the various colleges as thoroughly prepared for their college duties as the graduates from any of the city schools in the State; better prepared than the boys from a majority of them. Their training is also constantly being improved and everything is being done to develop men in the city schools that will be community assets.

### Constitution.

The constitution of the new Alpha Club is as follows:

“We, the undersigned, foundation members of the

Alpha Club of the Winston City High School, affirm that we shall endeavor to direct our lives in such a manner that disgrace shall never come to Winston-Salem, our city, or to the Winston City High School, our alma mater, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice committed by us. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city and the honorable traditions of the school, both alone and with many; we will never desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will revere and obey the city's laws and the regulations of the school and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty, raise the standards of scholarship, dignify public service by creating respect for efficient, honest, and loyal leadership; and in our daily labors we will seek to improve the economic status of our fellow citizens. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

#### **By-Laws—Name.**

The name of this organization shall be The Alpha Club of The Winston City High School.

#### **Object.**

The object for which this Club is formed is to give, as far as its influence will reach, an organized effort to the work of making the Winston City High School a more efficient institution in its broad work of training for citizenship as well as the promotion of scholarly attainment among its young men: the elevation of public ideals; the creation of respect for public service; the ennobling of American statesmanship: the encouragement of honest public leadership; and the improvement of the economic condition of all the people.

### **Membership.**

1. Membership in The Alpha Club is restricted to boys who are regularly matriculated students in the Winston City High School, except as hereinafter provided, who, because of their general personal qualifications, their scholarly attainments, and their respect for and acknowledgement of the supreme power of Almighty God, are duly elected to membership by the majority of the members of such club.

2. Those ratifying and signing the constitution shall be deemed members of the Alpha Club of the Winston City High School in good and regular standing, and shall be known and respected as "Foundation members."

3. The membership in the club shall be limited to a total number of members not to exceed 25.

4. The membership in the club shall be elected from a list of those thought to be eligible for membership, furnished by the Principal of the Winston High School, which list shall be approved by the City Superintendent of Public Schools.

5. The Superintendent of Public Schools and the Principal of the High School shall be ex-officio members of the club, with every right of full membership.

6. A suitable badge or pin, when officially adopted may be worn by the members as evidence of class membership.

7. No membership fees or dues are required of members.

8. Members of the Alpha Club to be known as "Honorary Members" may be elected by a three-fourths affirmative vote of all the full and regular members of the club. Honorary membership in the club shall be conferred only in recognition of valuable public services rendered the City of Winston-Salem. Honorary members shall not have the right of voting in meetings.

9. Members of the club who graduate from the Win-

ston City High School shall be known as "Graduate Members." Graduate members shall not have the right of voting in meetings.

### **Meetings.**

1. The Alpha Club shall meet at least twice in each school month at such dates, hour and place as may be decided on from time to time.

2. A majority of the club shall constitute a working quorum for the transaction of business.

### **Officers.**

1. The members of the club shall at the first meeting of the club in the scholastic year 1912-1913, and annually thereafter choose a president, a vice-president, and a secretary, who shall serve until their successors in office are elected.

2. Officers and vacancies in office may be filled at any meeting by the vote of a majority of all the members of the club.

3. The duties of these officers shall be those usually expected of a president, vice-president and secretary. The president shall preside at all meetings, and in his absence the vice-president shall preside. The secretary shall keep an accurate record of the activities of the club in a special book provided for that purpose—he shall be charged with the duty of recording all meetings, and in all other ways with acting as the executive officer of the club.

### **Amendments.**

The By-Laws of The Alpha Club may be altered or amended at any meeting by a three-fourths affirmative vote of all the members of the club.

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Great interest was manifested in the High School debating contest, arranged by the Dialectic and Philanthropic

Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina. Our school was in the triangle with High Point and Reidsville. Each town put out two teams, the affirmative and negative of two men each. Our negative team visited Reidsville, Reidsville's negative team visited High Point and High Point's negative team visited us. The affirmative of each town won in the contest. Never before have the present students of the High School showed such enthusiasm and spirit as they displayed on last Friday night. Our affirmative team was composed of Fred Hutchings and Foster Hankins, and our negative of Francis Coleman and Gordon Ambler. All four boys made fine speeches.

---

### Our Base Ball Team

The baseball team from W. H. S.  
We expect to don its gayest dress;  
For the year of '13 though unlucky to some,  
Is just the year that our luck will come.  
With Jones on first and Pinkston on third  
I'm sure there's no need to complain a word,  
And C. Tucker will twirl the ball over the plate  
While Speer will receive at the golden gate,  
Raymond Dean at short still as speedy as ever,  
Will take ball after ball, and miss? why never!  
The seeds of outer garden are now being sown,  
What plants will be chosen is yet unknown.

Arthur Spaugh, '15.

Patrick Henry, '14.

## Personals

Miss Annadel Neal, formerly a student of the Winston High School, was recently married to Mr. Frank D. King, of Leaksville, N. C., at the home of her father, in Reidsville.

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Miss Mabel Douglas, also a former student of the High School, was married to Mr. Jesse Bowen, of this city a few days before Christmas.

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Noble Medearis, '15, who has been studying the art of chicken raising at Cornell, has returned to the city.

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We are sorry to see that so many students are "quitting" school to go to work.

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Professor Moore has been teaching Physics at the Salem Female College in the absence of Mr. Fields, the regular teacher.

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Miss Jessie James, '11, has a position as stenographer at the Southern Freight Depot.

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Mr. Kyle Milloway, '11, has accepted a position in the office of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

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Mr. Wake Green has an important position at the Southern Depot.

---

Mr. John Mickle is collecting for Mr. James S. Dunn, a local real estate agent.

---

Mr. Harry Sharp is one of the Secretaries of the local Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Edward Shepherd has a responsible position with the Piedmont Warehouse.

---

Mr. Howard Godfrey, '11, is stenographer of the Reynolds Tobacco Company at Bristol, Tenn.

---

Mr. Velsor Langley is holding a responsible position at the Southern Freight Depot of this city.

---

Mr. Paul Bennett, '09 will graduate at Chapel Hill this year.

---

Mr. Milton Cash, '11, has an important position in the office of the Forsyth Chair Company.

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## **Locals**

On the evening of Tuesday, February 13, the boys of the Senior class entertained the girls of the class at an enjoyable valentine party. The members of the faculty teaching the class were also present and added very much to the occasion. A guessing contest took place in which Miss Alice Wilson won the prize, a book of poems, by John Charles McNeil. Various games were enjoyed during the evening after which enjoyable refreshments were served consisting of salad, cream and cake. Mr. Edward Crosland served delicious punch during the evening.

---

About fifteen of the tenth and eleventh grade boys enjoyed a very pleasant evening on January 31 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Latham. Plans were made for the boys to take an active part in the juvenile work of the Board

of Trade. The first task that the boys are undertaking is the taking of an industrial survey of Winston-Salem. During the course of the evening Mrs. Latham served her guests with delicious refreshments.

---

On January the thirtieth Postmaster Reynolds of the local Postoffice gave the students of the High School an interesting talk on Parcel Post. In introducing the subject he said that this was a question of vital importance to everyone, not only from the fact that money is saved by it, but also because every person in the United States is part owner of the concern and holds a share in it.

Mr. Reynolds stated that every Postoffice is the center of a circle which has a radius of fifty miles. This circle forms what is known as the first zone and another with a radius of a hundred and fifty miles forms the second zone. The third zone has a radius of three hundred miles, the fourth, six hundred, and so on, up to the ninth zone which takes in all the world. The Parcels Post system is based on the same principle as the old mail system which charged for the distance; in the first zone the rate is one cent per ounce up to four ounces, and after that it is counted as a pound and costs five cents per pound, and increases proportionally in every zone.

A package cannot be sent by Parcels Post unless stamped with the regular stamps provided for that purpose. To illustrate this Mr. Reynolds told of a certain local firm which stamped eight thousand packages with ordinary stamps, not heeding the letter of the law. The government, however, realized that the law was a new one and not well known, authorized Mr. Reynolds to put Parcel Post Stamps on the package and refund the money for the other stamps, thus losing eighty dollars.

Parcel Post packages cannot be registered as was formerly permissible; but for the same fee, ten cents a pack-

age, may be insured up to the amount of fifty dollars. Almost anything can be sent by Parcels Post.

Mr. Reynolds told of a lady in Salem who sent a dozen eggs in a coffee pot, some jewelry, and two five dollar bills. The eggs were smashed, the bills stolen, and the bundle arrived at its destination looking as though it had been through a cyclone, but as she had insured it the loss was made good.

---

The Dramatic club of the Winston High School was organized Monday, February 3, 1913, Fred Hutchings acting as chairman. The following officers were elected:

Fred Hutchings, President; Evelyin Shipley, Vice-President; William Wright, Treasurer; Alice Wilson, Secretary; Wilson Dalton, Stage manager and Foster Hankins, Property man.

Louise Crute, Louise Crosland and Ruth Anderson were appointed on the executive committee. It was decided that the Club should give the "Gondoliers" about Easter under the direction of Miss Follin, and Mr. Maurice Longhurst who has given this play before in England and Scotland.

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## Wanted

WANTED—To pass in Physical Geography, ninth grade.

WANTED:—A receipt for making poetry—10th English.

WANTED:—Weightless scales. Edward C.

WANTED:—To know where all my paper goes. Hugh P.

WANTED:—Hiram. Annie.

WANTED:—Balls and chains for the High School boys.  
Pedestrians and wagon-drivers.

WANTED:—To know whether Milton or Shakespeare comes next to me in writing poetry. Ben Jones.

WANTED:—Physics experiments. 10th grade.

WANTED:—An alarm Clock to get Sam P—— up in time for school. Mr. White.

WANTED:—No “reserved” black-boarders. Mr. W.—

WANTED:—Answers to Higgins’ Physics problems. Juniors.

WANTED:—A few more “jacks.” Cicero Class.

WANTED:—To come in at the front door. Juniors.

WANTED:—Less smiling at Prof. M.—by 10th girls. 10th boys.

WANTED:—Less show of humor in Senior Class. Miss F.—

WANTED:—Air!. Ruth A.

WANTED:—Paper, pen, ink, pencil and English book. Francis C.

WANTED:—Diploma without studying. Jim R.

WANTED:—To know if it is as far from Winston to Greensboro as it is from Greensboro to Winston. William W.

WANTED:—To know where all the 11th grade English books go just before class. Miss W.

WANTED:—To know the size of Francis C.’s foot. A few victims.

WANTED:—A good animal trainer for the 8th grade. Mr. White.

WANTED:—Brain food—11th grade.

WANTED:—More interest in High School Athletics. Everybody.



## Exchanges and Reviews

We have received our usual number of magazines and have enjoyed reading them. For lack of space, however, we can comment on the following only.

The "Item, Pasadena, California, December number," is a very attractive and well gotten-up number. "How Hassan Found the King" is a beautiful story. "The Exciting Adventures of a Boob" is very funny and interesting. The illustrations are good. There seems to be too many jokes, and one or two are a little old. Taken as a whole, though, they are very original.

The Item for January is a well arranged and well gotten-up magazine. The cover is very attractive and adds greatly to the appearance; also the wood cuts which introduce the stories. "All On Account of a Box" is a delightful story and well written. We would like to know if "Noodles" Fagan told the joke entitled "He Fooled Her" in your school. We noticed some typographical errors, but considering that the students themselves printed this number of the Item, we think that it is excellent.

**The Blackboard for January.** The poems are very good but the stories seem to lack plot. The editorial department is very good and gives some excellent advice to students.

**The Wahisco, of the Washington High School.** Your cover is very attractive and puts us in readiness for something good inside, and we are not disappointed either, for not only are the stories interesting and well-written, but the poems are unusually good.

**The Messenger.** Your stories are good, but short. The poem, "The Valentine Story," "The Policeman," "The

New Year," are very good. The editorials are interesting. The Jester's Table is full of good jokes.

The Christmas edition of "The Book-Strap," of Charleston, W. Va., is a splendid one. The stories are good and the jokes, with the exception of a few that are too local to be understood by outsiders, are clear and pointed. The cuts are especially good and appropriate. There is only one thing wrong with your magazine, as we can see, and that is a lack of original poems. That poem about Mose, as everyone knows, is certainly original, but it is rather short.—F. B. C.

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## Heard in the School Room

### Commercial Room.

Miss D.—Do you take the Literary Digest?

Commercial Student.—No, Ma'am, but father took it last spring and it cured him of indigestion.

---

### Eighth Grade.

Miss S.—What is a compound personal pronoun?

First student—It's a word made up of a noun and a pronoun, as he-goat, and she-goat.

Miss S.—Next!

Second student—It's two pronouns joined together, as he and she were married.

---

### Eleventh Grade.

"Oh Alice I am excited I must tell you about it."—E. M. G.

"May I close the window up?"—W. W.

"When do we eat?"—G. R.

"A little more qui—ette, please"—Mr. W. D.

"May I ask who has my book?"—H. B. P.

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*Tune: Beulah Land.*

When far away in lands we roam,  
Our thoughts return to our dear home  
In Winston where both great and small  
Pronounce it yet the best of all.

*(Chorus)*

Dear Winston, and old Salem, too,  
My heart is longing still for you;  
I've looked around all o'er the land  
And found you were at my command  
My Winston, dear, I do love you  
And ways that win in Salem, too.

Our Winston has the ways that win,  
Its factories make a noise and din,  
Producing wealth to one and all  
Who labor at the whistle's call.

Its products reach the world around,  
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For here's the best in this domain.

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See Fred Hutchings, for space in the December issue.

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